sense corresponds to or is rather included in what in the
^*edanta* is called [cf] *the Vijnanamaya kosa,"* the conceptional
sheath, one of the five *kosas* or sheaths in which man's
individuality is encased.
I shall illustrate the marvellous operation of this moral
sense by a reference to Edwin Long's picture of the Maiden
of Ephesus who was called on to offer incense on Diana's
altar. The maiden being a Christian, the offering of incense
on a pagon god's altar was to her an idolatrous and sacrile-
gious act. Refusal to go through this rite would cost her
life. Her lover, with burning eyes, urges compliance. Judge
and executioners look sternly on. But the delicate white
. hand is withheld. Loyalty to Christ and Truth prevails.
And we know that on the following day the damsel will be
thrust on to the arena where the panther or the tiger will
lap her blood. What is the emotion which stirs- us? Not
only appreciation of the artist's art or even of the lovely
light in the maiden's face ; but, above and beyond all that,
a bounding sense of nobility, of worth, of worthiness, in that
fair Christian's loyalty. We are carried out of ourselves with
a sense that here is something which we must

honour—which
we do honour and cannot but honour, even
though it would
be hard to show that, apart from the intrinsic
nobility of
her protest, any one would have been one penny
the worse
for her dropping a pinch of the fragrant incense-
on the shrine.
But now again we are passing down a Madras
slum.
We hear a bitter cry. And turning our heads, we
see a huge
brute with giant strength thrashing a woman or
a little child,
* his unrestrained passion at every blow
endangering life.
What is the emotion which surges up ? Not only
pity for the
victim ; not only an impulse to intervene ; but,
above and
beyond these, a sense that here is something
that is unutterably
base. We are carried out of ourselves with a
sense that this is
something which we must execrate, which we do
execrate
and cannot but execrate, while any power of
feeling is in our